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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

ORA DEANE BARB

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P R E F A C E

An Irishman once exclaimed that no man should write his autobiography but himself. If Pat were not quite precise in his expression, still we can arrive at what he meant.

One's own biography will naturally be clearer when told by one's self than it could be if passed through the esteem of a friend or the prejudice of a foe. Besides, a man can, with impunity, chastise his own acts in a manner that would look cruel in an enemy, and will naturally avoid that kind of praise a friend might lavish, knowing that he would only be ridiculed for vaunting his own merits. The curious memories that rush upon one when alone are fresher and more real than those that could be drawn out by interviews. I have found it rewarding to jot down these thoughts as they have presented themselves lest they slip away where they have lain dormant for many years.

The autobiographer, if he is not a literary man, first hesitates through sheer cowardice ----- I know, I did. He no sooner begins the task than the thought rushes upon him that writing is a trade of its own and he recoils at the thought of attempting something that many men of learning, taste, and experience hesitate to undertake. The dread of censure, the fear of ridicule start up like specters, and he almost gives up. But let him reflect upon the real nature of his task and he will take courage, for he will realize that what he has undertaken can best be done by himself.

The fear of ridicule was somewhat lessened recently when I read this bit of witty humor: When some one called Will Roger's attention to his ungrammatical use of the word "ain't", he replied; "Maybe ain't ain't so correct, but I notice that a lot of folks who ain't usin' ain't ain't eatin'". So

some of the grammatical errors that you may find were written as they came to my mind that you may get a more accurate picture of the real "me".

I do not mean by these remarks to bid for favor, or beg for mercy toward my own clumsiness; I neither ask nor expect it. So now read on and enjoy it for this is me. O.D.B.

D E D I C A T I O N

Dedicated to the memory of my beloved parents who related the events recorded here prior to my first memories, to my brother Chase, to my sister Della for verifying or correcting some of my early impressions, to my children for their appreciation of the lives of their forebears, to the extent that they would desire these memoirs, and to my grandchildren for whom these few lines are written.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ORA DEANE BARB

I RECALL

On several occasions at different times my children have suggested that I write a story of my early childhood. I had never taken it seriously as I didn't think they really expected such a thing. On June 6, 1960 in writing to Clair I had mentioned the fact that 66 years ago on that date we were among the many exiles from Seward County, Kansas, embarking for parts unknown.

In a short while I received an answer to that letter which made me believe they were serious in their suggestions. An extract from that letter will serve to show how pressure was applied from one area. All who read these few pages will see the results of that pressure plus other verbal suggestions and hints.

Here is an extract -

"Your short story about your migration from Western Kansas brought up something I've been meaning to ask you; --- Why don't you get real serious about your early family life, Pop, and write it down. I'd like it very much and I know four little Barb kids who would also think that the story of your early life up to the mid-or late-twenties would be priceless. So even if you leave it in longhand --- why don't you work on an outline now, and later this winter when you have more time, really write a real serious biography, with just as much detail as you can recall. Now, if you think such a thing borders on being silly, think how much you'd give for such a thing from your grandparents. A biography of yours would mean just as much to our children 50 or 60 years hence. How about it? If you'll do it I'll see to it that each of your grandchildren get a printed copy. It just seems that your early boyhood was too close to the pioneering days to be lost from the grandchildren who will never know such a life."

I would indeed value a story of my grandparents early childhood very highly. If they would suddenly come back to earth now I know it would be hard for them to believe they were on the same planet they had left just a few short years ago.

My Grandfather Milner was in the Civil War and told of some of the hardships of those early day soldiers. I shall not attempt to repeat any of those stories lest I have not retained the facts as related. Besides he was not one to talk much of his troubles. I used to hunt and fish some with him when I was about 8 or 10 years old and often wished he would tell me some war experiences when we were alone. But no luck, when you hunted or fished with him you had to be real quiet lest you scare a fish or a squirrel. I also used to sleep with him while he made his home at our house and hoped many times he would talk in his sleep and really let it out. He had an old buddy who used to visit him at times and he could really tell some wild ones. I doubt that they were all true.

He was a rather large, rugged man and always wore a full beard. He was a good carpenter and some of the buildings are still standing as a testimonial to his good workmanship.

My Grandmother Milner died of a rattlesnake bite in the fall before I was born and grandfather made his home with mother's sister's family until his death except for short stays at our home.

My Grandfather Barb was a rather small, wirey little fellow. He was a farmer altho he did teach one term of school. I can't remember of ever having seen him more than once or twice. He visited us when I was about 14 years old while we were living on the Atyeo Ranch. There is a picture somewhere taken at that time showing four generations. Each one being the oldest in each family -- David, Sylvester, Chase, and Roy.

I never saw my Grandmother Barb as she died long before I was born, and Grandfather had remarried before visiting us.

I would like to relate some of the history of my parents early life as a background for my own memoirs. It would take a lot of time and space to list the many conveniences we take for granted which they never heard of or, at least, were then considered luxuries for the elite.

My father, Sylvester Barb, was born March 10, 1854 and was the eldest of a large family. His father was a farmer of meager means and the livelihood of the family fell largely on the first-born. He was strong and squarely built but not a large man. I suspect his top weight was around 165 or 170 lbs. He was sandy complexioned but had dark hair. He had a full head of hair at his death in 1923. He was a neat nice looking man. Mother always cut his hair and did a good job. He had very few grey hairs and a full set of his own teeth when he died. I suppose he always wore a mustache as I never saw him without one. He was raised in a heavily wooded area and was a good woodman at an early age. He often demonstrated his skill with an ax which amazed his sons who never became as proficient in the art. He could hew out a doubletree, coupling pole, or handles for small tools with a dexterity that very few ever attain.

At an early age he often took his ax to the woods where he spent the entire day chopping down trees and splitting rails, stopping long enough at noon to eat a cold lunch. Part of the rails were used on the farm and part were sold. The winters in north Missouri were generally pretty rugged with lots of snow. This life was not for a weakling. His education consisted of what he could obtain by attending school a few months each winter when he could best be spared from the farm. He only got as far as the fourth grade but his mental calculation of figures often caused scholars to raise an eyebrow.

Their schools were a far cry from the modern schools of today.

Generally young men were hired for the country school teacher. Sometimes they had a pretty rough element with which to deal. Young men up to the age of 21 years would often attend school a few months each winter when farm activities were at a minimum. It was not uncommon for those youngsters to make life so miserable for the teacher that he would decide it wasn't worth the effort and resign.

One incident I recall being related may be interesting: It was customary for the teacher to give treats of candy and nuts at Christmas time. One teacher decided he did not care to follow the usual custom and let it be known how he felt on the subject. The day he was supposed to give the treats the older boys asked him, "How about it?" He told them that he didn't intend to treat. They tried to scare him with threats but he didn't scare easily. So they seized him and bound his hands and feet and carried him $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to a stream that was frozen over with 6 inches of ice. They laid him on the ice and cut a hole large enough to accommodate his entire body. He saw what was coming but he would not relent. So they dunked him under the ice cold water. He still had not changed his mind so they dunked him again with the same results. He was held under a little longer the third time so he thought it the better part of valor to not risk a fourth dunking and agreed to treat. They untied his hands and feet and he made a hasty getaway. By the time he reached the schoolhouse his clothes were frozen stiff. The pupils got their treat and the teacher suffered no ill effects. I am of the opinion that this episode was an exception and should not be used as a barometer by which to measure the caliber of the school situation in general.

Lucidney Emmaline Milner was born in Indiana May 30, 1857 and moved with her parents to north Missouri when she was a tiny girl. She and father grew up in the same neighborhood. She was an honor student and taught one term of school at the age of seventeen. She and father were married before she

was eighteen and they set up housekeeping as farmers. Living quarters were crude and life was rugged for a young couple embarking on the sea of matrimony in 1875. Matches were so scarce that, when a fire was started in the heater in the fall, every effort was made to keep it alive all winter. If they awoke some cold winter morning to find they had not banked the fire properly and the fire was dead, a trip to the nearest neighbor's house was a must to get live coals with which to start a new fire. There were no telephones so they had to hope their neighbor had been successful in keeping his fire and that he could spare a little. Wood was used for fuel exclusively.

Courtship was quite different when a young man either had to walk or go on horseback to do his calling. Father called on mother one evening and returning home he took a short cut thru some heavy woods, where it was very dark. Wild hogs were common in the area and often made their beds and farrowed their young in the protection of the woods. Father stumbled into one of these beds one nite which gave him and the old sow an equal scare. As the sow jumped up, father found himself on her back as she ran for dear life. Father soon fell off though and did some running of his own, pronto.

The goal of most of the young farmers in that day was much the same as it is today --- a home they could call their own. After 6 years with no prospect of reaching their goal, they decided to move to Kansas where they heard it would be easier for beginners.

During these 6 years Chase, Della, and Clem had come to bless the home. So with a team, covered wagon and three little ones they set sail for Kansas. They crossed the Missouri River at Kansas City on a ferry boat. They drove the team and wagon on the boat, were ferried across, drove off, paid their toll, and were on their way again.

They settled in southern Lyon County northwest of Madison. Their experiences here were as discouraging as they had been from whence they came as far as living conditions and financial gain were concerned. During the four years of sojourn here two more boys were born. Willard in 1883 and David in 1885. Della told me she remembered very well the night Will was born. They were living in a one room "cottage"; her bed and mother's were on one side of the room head-to-head. I guess she was a sound sleeper as she said she knew of no unusual commotion during the night but when she awoke she found a neighbor lady there talking to mother who had a tiny baby in bed with her. When she began asking questions the neighbor lady said she had more boys than she needed so she had brot her a baby brother. Oh those rugged pioneers! Are they gone forever?

About this time the United States Government tried to induce people to settle in western Kansas. They offered any man with a family 160 acres of land almost free if he would plant 10 acres of trees on this quarter section of land. They would also give another quarter section if he would establish a home, break out a small amount of sod and live on the land for one year. It really took two years to get a deed to this land. The first mentioned quarter section was known as a "Tree Claim". The other was known as a "Homestead". My father, along with some relatives and friends, took advantage of this opportunity. They thot that, with reasonable good fortune for a few years, they could finally own their own homes.

This time, a group of them chartered a railroad car and loaded it with livestock, provisions, and other material at Olpe, Kansas. Before it was time for the train to leave a terrible blizzard blew up and the train did not leave for many days. The live stock was unloaded and put in the stook yards where they were fed and cared for until conditions were favorable for loading again two or three weeks later. Meanwhile the "would be" emigrants made their home wth relatives and friends.

Eventually, when the roads and tracks were cleared, they found themselves unloading at Cimarron, Kansas, in Gray County about fifty miles from their Homesteads. They loaded up and started for home. The first night out another storm threatened. They came to a little town and tried to find accommodations but the Innkeeper told them there was no room for them in the Inn. I wonder if any of them recalled another time when an Innkeeper had told Joseph and Mary there was no room for them in the Inn and they had to take shelter in a stable where the Christ Child was born? This Innkeeper did allow the emigrants to park their wagons on the south side of the Inn for some protection. Father, mother and five little ones slept in the covered wagon that night. As luck would have it the storm wasn't as bad as expected and they proceeded on their journey next day.

They finally reached the spot where the Claims were staked and prepared to make a home. Imagine, if you can, being in a desolate land, void of vegetation or shelter in early spring or late winter, when anything weather-wise can happen in western Kansas (and often does) with only a wagon and a tent for a home.

Most of them constructed a more substantial place of abode in what they called a "dugout". A hole about 5 feet deep and the desired size was first dug in the ground. Then, a layer of sod was placed around the edges about a foot high. Holes were left in this layer of sod at intervals for ventilation and light. A covering was then stretched across the top and that was the home for the time being. The next thing would be the job of getting out the sod plow and breaking the sod, out of which a house could be constructed. This sod was cut in even lengths convenient for handling and laid up in the manner of brick work. This buffalo grass sod was very firm and made quite a substantial home. The walls were about 12 inches thick which kept out the cold of winters and the heat of summers. They were plastered on the inside which gave them a clean and homey look.

When we had lived in our one room soddy about a year another boy came to claim his share of the "conveniences". This was March 14, 1887. I waited until March 30, 1889 to come along and dethrone Henry. I wasn't dethroned until 2 years later after we had moved into the frame house when Dove took over the number one spot. I doubt if he was surprised after looking at the record of his predecessors when, in another two years, he had to abduct in favor of another boy who was christened Elva.

An aunt living in the same neighborhood was expecting the stork to visit their home about the same time that mother thot he would be visiting our home. They had both spoken to the same mid-wife to preside at the ceremonies. She had been called to our house and was preparing for the big event when my uncle came rushing in and said she would have to come to his house immediately. So she left and did the honors for a new baby boy at Uncle Jimmies. By the time she got back to our house Elva was already there and waiting. Two more boys came along later which I will mention in chronological order. Ten boys and one girl without a Doctor or nurse in the house! A fair record.

The only occasion for a doctor ever being called to our house during the nine years we lived in Seward County was when Dave sustained a broken leg. He and Henry were riding a horse to school one morning with the older ones walking alongside. As I remember it, an Uncle was also along. He had a rope and he unthinkingly tossed it at the horse who jumped sidewise throwing the boys off in a pile. Dave came out of the mishap with his leg broken between the knee and thigh. I remember well the cast the Dr. put on his leg --- it was of heavy metal material in the shape of a half stove pipe cut lengthwise. His leg was laid in the cast and bandages were drawn across and around metal and leg. I am quite sure this proceedure would not meet the approval of today's specialists. It did the job and his leg was soon as good as new. I can remember how careful we had to be around his bed that we didn't shake it.

Most of these early pioneers were rugged, strong and resourceful. They brot along with them many unperishable provisions, such as barrels of molasses, corn meal, flour, cured meat, etc..

The few fences consisted of small enclosures in the nature of yards or corrals. One of our neighbors who was also a country blacksmith kept sheep. Della and I were going along his corral one day when I noticed some wool on the fence. I thot this man could make most anything so I suggested to Della that we take some of the wool to him and have him make us a sheep. I was teased about this many times but it was a logical conclusion to me.

Because of the lack of fences the farmers with livestock, which consisted mostly of milk cows or young stock, would have to provide a boy or boys to look after his stock during the grazing season. The neighborhood boys would generally manage to get their herds together sometime during the day so they could fellowship together.

Rattle snakes and prairie dogs were in evidence everywhere. The boys used to vie with one another to see who could kill the snake with the most rattles. Father, Clem, and Will all played violins. They were told to put the rattles in their violins and it would improve the tone. They put a lot of them in their violins but it is questionable if there was any tonal improvement. They also utilized several prairie dog pelts by putting them in the bottom of their violin cases.

Occasionally an animal would be bitten by a rattler. I recall one horse and one cow that we lost as a result of these bites. The case of the cow's death was quite unusual. Chase was bringing the cows in from a day on the range one evening when he happened to be looking at a nice big cow, recently purchased, when she suddenly threw up her head and bawled as if in pain. She had only gone a few yards farther when she fell down. He went to her and saw her nose was swollen. It was only a short distance to the house

so he ran and brot mother. There wasn't anything they could do and the cow died in a few minutes. They went back to the place where he had seen her throw up her head and found a prairie dog hole. They could hear the noise of a rattler inside. They plugged up the hole. Next morning they dug out the largest rattler ever seen in those parts. It was probably the fact that the oow being bitten on the nose oasured her to inhale some of the poison else she would not have died so suddenly.

It was a snake similar to this one that bit my Grandmother Milner. She was bitten on the hip one evening and died early next morning.

I recall hearing them tell of the number of such snakes that were killed on the road to and from the oemetery the day of the funeral. They all seemed to be going in the same general direction.

The feet of those barefooted herders would become extremely tough during the summer months. There were many cactus and the toughies used to demonstrate the toughness of their feet by placing their heels on a cactus and spinning around until the cactus was obliterated.

There were also tough characters in other areas. A shooting scrape in town resulted in the death of the sheriff. Three men were involved. One of them had married a cousin of ours. When another sheriff had been oalled to arrest the men, they had hidden out and could not be found. The State Militia was oalled out. This group consisted of about 24 footmen. They came marching up the road to our house and stopped to search it. Father told them he had no objections but they would not find anyone. He also told them that he knew where the men were hiding out and that they were armed with high-powered rifles and would be hard to take without bloodshed. He told them he believed he could persuade the men to give themselves up if they would give him a few hours. He and my Grandpa Milner went to the dugout where the men were hiding and after a few hours returned with the men. Mother and we

little ones had been quite uneasy with those uniformed men waiting all the while in our yard. They had two trials but could not find a jury that would convict them.

Water was a problem of first concern for those early pioneers. My father dug our well, all 32 inches square and 168 feet deep, with a spade. When he struck water it was the best in those parts and inexhaustible. A derriock with a horse was used to lift the dirt and lower the casing. No rock was encountered but at intervals layers of loose sand that caved in so badly that they had to be cased off with six inch fencing boards. Some men lost their lives by neglecting this precaution. When the well was completed pipe and pump were installed and a wooden tower erected for windpower. Several barrels were set side by side with connections from one to the other which served as a tank. That well served its purpose many, many years and, because of its importance, our old homestead is today about the only evidence of a once lively community.

This well hastened the end of the free and wild life for a fine young horse. There were a few wild horses roaming the prairies yet. This young dandy had eluded all attempts to capture him as he was too fleet footed to be overtaken by any horse that had tried to catch him. Watering places were few and far between and this horse began coming to our well for water. Father set a trap for him in the form of a noose on the ground where he would likely step when he came to drink. He concealed himself behind a barrier and anchored his end of the rope securely. Sure enough, the horse stepped in the noose and father jerked the rope and captured the prize. With daring and determination, yet with a gentle and firm hand, father soon had him broke to ride. Father later sold him and he proved himself good enough to be on the race track with the best.

We lived four miles from a little country town of Springfield. As the regular term of the country schools was only four months, Chase and Della attended some of the summer sessions that were held in town for two months periods. Many times they walked the distance to and from school each day. I have an idea they have grandchildren or great-grandchildren who find it very difficult to walk four blocks. This little town is long since gone and it is even difficult to locate the spot where it once stood.

There were a few bobcats in the area. They made their homes mostly in the area of the tree claims where they reared their young. An uncle captured some of the little ones and endeavored to domesticate them. This proved to be a very difficult job as they had to be kept caged or else their natural instincts would get the better of them and they would destroy chickens just for the fun of it, whether they were hungry or not.

One night one of these "pets" got out of his cage and found his way to our home about half a mile away. When mother went out next morning she found the bobcat in with her chickens where he had had a glorious time. Imagine, if you can, how mother felt when she found 50 of her nice chickens slaughtered. Mother was generally very even tempered and easy going. Maybe one of her natural instincts got the better of her that time. She found a cornknife and proceeded to put an end to a recurrence of such an event. I don't understand yet how she could have done such a thing. I never saw her mad enough to give her offspring a really good whipping (not that we didn't get some mild ones when needed).

Father was different in that he had a quick, hot temper. I can look back now and see that he did a good job of keeping it under control while raising ten boys and a girl. His whippings were generally adequate but when he booted us he used the side of his foot so it didn't hurt too much. His temper made up for what mother's lacked. About half of his children

inherited his temper while the others were more like their mother. I was more like father and look back with shame at some of the things my temper did to me. My temper has mellowed a lot in the passing of the years so I believe I can keep it under control pretty well most of the time.

It gives me a lot of pride and satisfaction in being able to say my relationship with my children was never marred by angry words, ever.

I recall getting my first paddling while we lived here. Tumbleweeds grew in abundance in the short buffalo grass. When mature they would break off at the ground and start tumbling across the level prairie even in a light wind. Like a snow ball, they grew as they rolled and would collect in huge piles around buildings and on fences that were in their path. One of these piles had grown at the back of our granary. It looked to me like they would make a nice fire so I proceeded to find a match and to set them on fire. The smoke was noticed before the fire had developed very far and a disaster was narrowly averted. Shortly after that fire was out, I imagine I felt some fire in the seat of my pants. Or was it my dress? They said I wore dresses 'til I was four years old?

I do remember one incident that happened while so dressed. We had a yoke of oxen that did a lot of the farm work. They had what seemed to me very long horns. One of them didn't like little girls and chased me one day narrowly missing my dress tail with his horns as I scooted under the yard fence.

The oxen were slow in the field but very dependable. They would outpull any team of horses. Once, when a neighbor was attempting to move a building, the three teams of horses he was using refused to do the job. Father asked them to get their horses out of the way and he would move it with the oxen. They were astonished when Old Tom and Jerry did the job alone.

Sometimes he used yokes and sometimes he used collars and harness on the oxen. The collars were kept many years after the oxen were sold. They were very long and were used upside down. Light chains were used for traces with backbands and belly bands to hold the traces in line so the draft would not be too high or too low on their necks. They were well trained and knew "gee" and "haw" so well they needed very little guiding other than the spoken command.

Fuel was much harder to come by than it had been in Missouri or even in Lyon County, Kansas. Cow and buffalo chips were used extensively for heat and cooking. These chips were thickest near water holes. They were composed of buffalo grass and dropped on buffalo sod in a dry climate where they would dry out and remain firm many moons. When thoroughly dry, they made a very good fire and created much heat. It was about 20 miles to the Cimarron River where there was an abundance of this fuel to be had for the picking up and hauling. Our men and boys would go down one day and turn over a goodly supply of these chips to dry out until next day when they would be loaded in large wagon boxes for the return trip.

They used to tell of one housewife who used the same fork to put buffalo chips on the fire with which she also turned the meat. It really wasn't as bad as it sounds. These chips had laid in the sun so long they were quite clean and odorless.

Those early pioneers had very little social or recreational life as we think of it today. Their family life meant much more. While on this subject, I'd like to give you a picture of our family life here and in later years, up until I was almost grown. For indoor winter games we had Authors, Checkers, Parcheesi, Crocinole, and others.

For indoor amusement we all loved to sing and, after we got an organ, we spent many happy hours singing. Elva could play anything he ever heard,

be it hymn or merry-go-round tunes. Clem and Will played the violins with father taking a hand at times. Dave was good on the French Harp and father also played a Jews Harp. Several of us could chord for them on the organ. Mother was a good singer and had a lovely voice. Out door passtimes included baseball, croquet, running races, jumping, pitching horseshoes, wrestling, boxing (and occasionally a fight). For indoor passtime we often listened to mother as she read some good book. She was an excellent reader and we loved to listen. I can still recall some of those books. She would also drill us in spelling by seeking out difficult words for us to try.

Back now to the chronical order of events in Seward County: They had dances in the neighborhood, literary at the school house, and occasionally church services. As a result of these services I recall the day father and mother went with neighbors to a distant stream where they were baptized in the ritual of the Baptist church. They left their little brood in the care of an uncle who ohewed tobacco. He didn't prove to be a very reliable baby sitter. He induced two of us to take small samples of his tobacco. Needless to say it made us very sick. We had recovered by the time the folks returned and I don't believe the incident was ever mentioned. I took one other chew of tobacco when I was about 18 years old on a dare with like results. That was enough.

About this time I had my first experience of spending a nite away from home. Uncle Jim and Aunt Hannah only lived about one-half of a mile from us. They didn't have any little boys and thot it would be nice if Dave and I would spend the nite with them. Before time to get up next morning I woke up and began to cry, wanting Dave to take me home right now. They induced me to stay for breakfast by telling me they were going to have jackrabbit for breakfast and if I would stay I could have the heart. That bribe worked.

Another time at Uncle Jim's house my foot went to sleep, while sitting on it eating dinner. It was winter time but I was barefooted. Uncle Jim

told me if I would run around the house in the snow it would wake my foot up. So I believed him and ran out and around the house. It did wake my foot up and I suffered no ill effects.

Grasshoppers and drought were a continuous threat to the life and livelihood of those early pioneers.

On occasions, the government would send in provisions and clothing for those in need in an endeavor to induce them to stay with their farms until better times came along. Always there was the farmer's hope which has sustained them throughout the ages of "maybe next year". "Next year" came and went again and yet again with discouragements that tested the strongest and bravest. People were too proud and independent to be subjects of charity which was freely offered. We were ashamed to have people know we had been among the ones receiving this aid. I remember one package of clothing we received. It was not hard to find some clothes to fit each of us as we were all sizes. I was really embarrassed tho when the only underwear that fit me was girls castoffs.

The only thing I can remember of ever having in abundance was water-melons. I don't know how they raised them when it seemed all else failed. Maybe we didn't have as many as I thot we did. Maybe the fact that I loved them so much caused me to remember the times we did have them and forget the failures. I have tried time and again in the past 40 years to raise water-melons and have my first good melon to produce. Right now, July 15, 1960, I have nice vines with small melons on them but a few more days without rain and they will have followed the old pattern of "no return".

The spring of 1894 started out with a determination to be the worst of the worst and blight forever the hopes of "next year" in the minds of those struggling farmers. The drought was extreme and grasshoppers came in hordes. Sometimes the sun would be obscured for days by those flying pests. It

reminds me of the plagues sent on Pharaoh that he would consent to let the children of Israel go to their promised land. They ate everything that could be eaten and some things that couldn't. Holes were chewed in clothing and shoes. Even the leather parts of the harness suffered from their ravenous appetites. No one who has never seen these pests in operation can imagine the damage they could do in such a short time.

By late May or early June it was quite evident they had won the battle. They had eaten everything. Pastures were barren and fields were as tho no crops had ever been planted. The exile began to take shape.

Father traded his homestead for a team, wagon, and harness. He hitched a pinto pony and a saddle horse to another wagon. They put covers over the wagons and loaded them with provisions and clothing. On June 6th we headed east in search of a new home or a job.

If you have kept track there were 8 boys and one girl in our family at that date. My sister, Della, had married and with her husband accompanied us to the end of the first day's journey. They returned to the home of his parents next day and we never saw them again until fall. So father, mother, 8 boys, 4 cows, 2 covered wagons, and a burro continued on their journey not knowing whither they were going.

An uncle and his family and provisions in another wagon helped to make up the caravan. After a few days we parted company as there was a difference of opinion as to the best route to take. A few more days travel caused the cows feet to become quite tender. One cow was sold and the others were shod. I doubt if the present generation will ever see a cow shoe. These shoes were split in two parts to allow the cow's toes to spread in a natural way. I recall helping the man who purchased the cow we sold. She didn't want to lead well so I went along with a switch to urge her along. It was in the edge of a small town and it was several blocks to his home. I thot I was a

long ways from the wagons. It gave me quite a feeling of importance when I was able to find my way back without aid.

The cows usually trailed along behind the wagons and were urged along by one or more boys on foot or on the burro. Walking was tiresome but the energy involved was no greater than that required to keep the burro moving. Walking was hot on the feet but riding was hot on the seat. So it was pretty much of a tossup as to which method was the less disagreeable. It was a consolation to have a choice as "variety is the spice of life". One day Dove and I were riding the donkey while others walked along behind. Someone picked up a stick and hit the wire fence just behind us. This frightened the donkey and down the road we went on high. Dove soon slid off over the donkeys rump and was picked up unhurt. I stayed with my mount until we overtook the wagons where I was rescued.

The tent poles were carried on the back wagon being tied alongside with wires. One day while attempting to climb up in the wagon I pulled too hard on the poles and the wire broke letting me fall. I landed in such a manner that the wheels passed over one leg in two places and in one place over the other one. No bones were broken but I was confined to the wagon several days.

It was fun riding in the covered wagons. When going thru a town we would try to see as much as possible by peeping thru the hole in the back of the cover. When a camp site was selected the tent was set up, the evening meal was prepared, and beds were made on the ground inside the tent. If the weather was favorable the beds did not need to be inside. We didn't have air mattresses or innersprings but we were living close to mother nature and were content. As mother had little ones to care for, father did much of the cooking while the older boys cared for the horses and cows.

I would give a pretty sum for a movie of our group at camping time and during preparations for the next days journey. Since that is one of the

impossibilities our imaginations will have to suffice. A movie of that caravan on the move would also be priceless. Father and mother usually rode in the front wagon driving a pretty good pair of bay mares. Different ones took turns driving the pinto pony and the saddle horse, Old Mack. Then the cows, burro and boys.

The first job the men could get was when we got into Sumner County, a distance of some 200 miles from our old home. It was wheat harvest time and help was always needed thru that period. The going wage for a man was around \$2.00 per day or maybe \$3.00 if he was good and lucky. A grown boy worked for \$1.00. Harvesting was really a hard and hot job. A machine called a "header" was used to cut the grain and elevate it into a "header barge" which was a wagon with a large rack on it. A frame was built around this rack with netting wire to hold the loose wheat. When loaded it was taken to the stackyard where there was a man to stock it as it was unloaded by pitchfork. Here it was left several weeks until it went thru the sweat and was dry enough to thresh.

The thresher operator usually had his own crew, chuck wagon and all that was needed for the job. Some had steam and some had horse power. The horse power jobs had a round contraption about 4 feet across from which extended poles 12 feet long. Teams were hitched to these poles. As they went round and round gears in this central contraption caused power to be transferred to the machine by means of a rod over which the horses had to step each time round. Each team was tied to the team just ahead. A man stood on this central part whose job it was to keep the horses moving and each one doing his share. The grain was measured as it was caught in $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel measures, marks being made everytime it was emptied. Later an automatic measuring devise was invented which registered each measure on a dial.

When the harvest season was ended and there was no more work to be had

we were soon on the move again. We had lived in the tent and the wagons during wheat harvest. Only two events stand out in my memory during our stop here. I ran a large locust thorn in my foot that caused it to swell very badly and caused me a lot of pain. In those days women were women and men were men. Mothers nursed their babies as nature intended. They didn't depend on baby books, scientific formulas, baby bottles, canned baby food etc.. When a baby became 14 to 18 months old he was "weaned". This situation developed and Elva had to undergo the ordeal. I well remember how he rebelled at the idea. A bitter solution of some nature was applied to the usual source of his nourishment and he was insistent on having a try quite often. When he finally decided the price he had to pay was greater than the good received he gave up and became a boy.

The following is taken from the editorial pages of the Emporia Gazette dated July 1960. It is entitled "Then and Now". I know you'll like it:

"They are "bringing in the sheaves" all over the wheat belt. Combines are whirring and trucks are standing in line at elevators. To the sideline observer, harvesting does not seem to be such hard work as it used to be, but yields are better and wages are much higher.

All of which is fine, but it recalls the harvest season of many years ago - experiences that rate along with those in military service - you're glad you had them, but would not want to go thru them again.

In the old days of the header, the headerbarge and the steam engine, the harvest day started early in the morning - no waiting for the sun to dry the dew on the grain. Work started before breakfast - getting the horses fed and harnessed - and what a breakfast! None of this dry cereal and toast stuff - countless eggs, heaps of bacon or side meat, fried potatoes, oatmeal, and all the second helping you could handle.

Then the trek to the field and the morning's work, the barges parading from the header to the place where the stacker expertly constructed a large mound of straw that would shed rain and resist the wind.

Many more men were needed then to harvest a field of wheat. Each header barge had its driver and one or two pitch fork men. It usually took two men to handle the header, and the stacker had his assistant, called the scratcher. Now, a combine operated by one man, with a few truck drivers as aides, can cover much more territory than could the old-time crew.

While the men worked in the field during the morning, activity was just as hectic back at the farm house. The farmers wife and a crew of hired girls, daughters and maiden aunts were getting ready for dinner - the big meal of the day. Huge quantities of food were prepared, with beef, fried chicken and potatoes the backbone of the meal, and with plenty of cherry or apple pie and home made ice-cream for dessert.

The hungry hands trooped in at noon and soon made shambles of the food on the big table. Then they retired to the shade for the mid-day break, leaving to the women the monumental task of washing the dishes.

It was usually 2 o'clock before the men returned to the field for the long afternoon shift, the hardest part of the day. The horses had rested, the water jug with its burlap wrapping (kept damp to keep the water drinkable) had been filled at the well, and repairs had been made to the harness and wagons.

Harvesting did not stop at 5 or 6 o'clock, sometimes not at 7 if there was a threat of a night-time shower. And in the heat of the late afternoon, the going often got rough. Wheat beards and chaff worked their way through the overalls to the skin, found easier routes down shirt collars and up pants legs. Sweat compounded all other discomforts, and the late-afternoon break, when the women came to the field with cold lemonade, was all too brief.

At dusk the weary crew dragged back to the farm yard, washed up for supper and looked forward to a good night's rest. Best part of the day was the bath in the wash tub or stock tank, followed by a few minutes of talk to settle the burning issues of the day, and then to sleep on the bunks or cots in the granary, the barn or if you were lucky - on the sleeping porch. It is wonderful to remember but never again for T.F.M. "

Our next stop was in Greenwood County, southwest of Madison, where the men again found jobs in the harvest, this time prairie hay harvest. The method of harvesting prairie hay was also a far cry from the machine age of 1960. Five-foot horse drawn mowers were followed by hand dump rakes after the hay had cured. A "go-devil" or "buck" was used to transfer the hay from the windrow to the stack. Generally two men with forks pitched the hay to a man on the stack. When they had pitched it as high as they could reach from the ground a wagon would be used as a relay, on which one man would pitch the hay and the other one would pitch it upon the stack as high as he could, at which time the stacker would have it topped out ready for weights to be hung across the top to keep the wind from blowing it off.

It was during this haying season that I took my first dose of medicine. Some of the children had light attacks of malaria fever and were being dosed with quinine which was considered quite a "cureall". At least it was used for many ailments. One day I was kinda grumpy and mother told me she was going to give me a dose of quinine. I thot it would be quite a thrill so I hailed the other ohildren to come and see me take a dose of quinine. It wasn't what I'd anticipated at all. If you have ever taken a dose of raw quinine without the aid of capsule or anything to kill the bitterness thereof you may know that five year old boy created quite a scene. It took me some time to live down the "Hey kids come see me take a dose of quinine".

Della and her husband were with us during this stopover, but he left for the west again and Della stayed.

When there was no more work to be had in these parts the family took to the road again. After another 200 miles and many days travel we came to the Ozark section of Missouri near Joplin. It seemed we went down hill all one afternoon in a rough area. We camped that nite in a woods the likes of which I'd never seen. Coming from a country where you could see a jack rabbit anywhere on a quarter section to a place where you could not see 50 yards made the contrast quite memorable. We felt like we were being smothered by heavy foliage and surrounding hills. I believe we must of all had a slight touch of claustrophobia. It was depressing to say the least.

We could hear the coon hunters with their hounds going in every direction all night until nearly morning. With heavy hearts and sore disappointment next morning we retraced our steps to fresh air and blue skies. It was another long trek before we abandoned the tent and covered wagons which had been our home since June 6th. It was late fall when we rented a house for the winter in southern Lyon County about 13 miles southwest of Olpe and about 15 miles northwest of Madison, Kansas.

Shortly after moving into this house, Clem, Will, and Dave "came down", as they used to say, with typhoid fever. It was recalled that these three had drunk water from a well along the road where the purity was questionable and it was likely they had picked the germ up there.

Tense and trying days were ahead for all, but especially for mother as she bore the greater part of the burden. What would this old world be like without the truly devoted mothers? They go thru the valley of the shadow of death that a new baby may come to bless the home. They deny themselves comforts, pleasures, and sometimes the necessities of life to make their children happier and more comfortable, thinking nothing of the sacrifice. Shame on the mother who betrays her sacred trust. I am sure there are many heart aches because all too soon the time has passed to show the appreciation due.

It was 15 miles to the closest doctor with no telephones any closer. The doctor could be summoned only by messenger on horse back making the long ride to Madison. The doctor would then have to go to the livery stable where horses and buggies were kept for hire. Sometimes the doctor would do his own driving but generally on long trips he would hire a driver. The driver would care for the team while the doctor made his call. Sometimes it would be necessary to water and feed the team before the return trip. So, you see, it would be sometime from the time a decision was made to call help before the doctor could arrive on the scene.

This siege of typhoid was very severe. Clem's life hung in the balance for many days. He wasted away until mother could carry him in her arms as a little baby. When he was well, he was a husky boy almost 14 years old. I recall hearing how for three weeks mother never undressed because of her anxiety and constant care. I remember some good neighbors who drove several miles at different times to help and offer to do anything they could. Of course hospitals and nurses were not available and almost unheard of.

We lived about a mile from a small country school house where I went to school a few months that winter. I remember the grown girls used to make over and humor that little Barb boy too much for his own good.

The next spring we moved to what is now known as the "Upper Atyeo", a farm on the Verdigris River. Father rented the farm and farmed it one year. The improvements were near a big hill or cliff and it was reported the Indians had used this for a look-out post. There was an old Indian campsite in the low land below the hill. We used to go there and hunt for arrow heads, spear points etc..

Our school was located about 2 miles off in an out-of-the-way place where all you could see was prairie and sky. We got our drinking water from a spring about 200 yards across a ravine. One day Clem and another large boy took the bucket and started after water at the close of the noon hour. The teacher told them they wouldn't have time to get the water before school time but they were hot and thirsty and proceeded on their way. This made the teacher very mad and he immediately rang the bell for the children to come inside and take their seats. It was a hot day but he closed the door and locked it. We knew there was trouble ahead. When the boys returned and found they were locked out they began banging on the door. The teacher would not open the door and some heated words were exchanged. We little ones were really frightened. The door had quite a crack at the bottom, above the door sill. The boys threw the water under the door as best they could and threw the bucket against the door. Still the teacher did not open the door. The boys went across the ravine and sat there 'til school was dismissed at 4 o'clock. They were afraid to go home and tell their parents what had happened. As far as I know, neither of those boys ever went to school afterwards.

It was customary in those days to have some sort of a small program once

in awhile on Friday afternoon after the last recess just for the pupils. It was on such an occasion that I "spoke my first piece". I was scared half to death having to get up before that room full of people. I think the poem I recited had three verses of four lines each. I had the first verse almost out of my mouth by the time I had made my bow. The next verse came out fast and violently. The next one was said as I made my final bow. Of course that didn't suit Mr. Lyons, our teacher, and he made me say it all over again more slowly. That was an ordeal I shall never forget. I wonder how I ever survived.

The next spring we moved to the Allen farm 2 miles south of Plymouth (the town is no more along the railroad tracks as it was then) on the Cottonwood River. We were about a mile from the river but the water got up to our barn once while we lived here. The improvements were just below a hill on which was located a cemetery. The water for house use was drawn with bucket and rope from a well back of the house at the foot of the hill quite near the cemetery. There were rumors of human bones and skulls being drawn out of the well. We doubted the veracity of these tall tales but some of the more gullible believed them.

It was reported that the house was haunted. I went with father once when he took a load of tools ahead of moving time. There hadn't been anyone living in the house recently and it was rather large and spooky looking. Being completely empty, echoes carried from room to room making it all the more eerie. We had brot bedding and horse feed preparatory to staying overnite. We made a pallet on the floor near a window. After caring for the team and eating our supper we went to bed. I awoke in the nite and heard the ghost. Of course, I didn't believe in ghosts but there was no doubt but one was in the room with us at that very moment. I thot there surely must be ghosts, or why was there such a word? I could hear him stepping softly and yet seeming to never be changing his location in the room. He seemed to be

near the window and I wondered if he had come in at the window. It was very dark and I couldn't see a thing. I might have been too scared to open my eyes; I don't remember. I finally mustered strength enough to awaken father. He got rid of that ghost in a hurry. The steps I heard was the constant drip, drip, drip, drip of a leaky drinking cup on the window sill. No more ghosts.

I did my first work in the field here, helping to replant corn. An older brother with a hoe made the holes and I dropped the kernels. Dave was harrowing corn one day in a field out of sight of the house. I happened to go along with him just for the fun of it that day. The rows were about a quarter of a mile long, as I remember it. He had a very trustworthy team that needed very little driving. About all he had to do was turn them around at the ends and follow them to the other end where he would turn them around again. He found out I could turn the team around very well so he had a bright idea. He stayed at one end of the field and I stayed at the other. When the team got to our respective ends we turned them around and started them on the return trip. We got quite a reaction from the arrangement but it surely did save a lot of walking. As a rule people thought nothing of walking. There was a neighbor lady about a mile from our house that kept her cows in our pasture, just beyond our house. She would bring the cows each morning and return for them each evening, always walking. She often stopped at our house to rest a bit and pass the time of day with mother.

I visited another neighbor who had a little girl about my age. When we were tired of playing outdoors she invited me into her house. They were well-to-do people and had what seemed to me a lovely home. I'll never forget the soft carpet as we played in the living room. It was quite a contrast to the bare floors to which I was accustomed.

The school during these two years was void of anything sensational. This

was during the presidential campaign in which W. J. Bryan was the candidate on the Democratic ticket. I had heard father say he was going to vote for Bryan so naturally I was for him also. The main controversy seemed to concern the standard of monetary system, gold or silver. Bryan was arguing for a silver standard while McKinley was for gold. The students took politics very seriously in our school. They were divided on the issue and each side was trying to win as many as possible to their way of thinking. Some of the older girls had silver and some had gold watches. Each one would ask me if I didn't like her watch best. I really liked the gold much better but in order to be true to the - party of my father's choice I had to go against my conscience and say I liked silver better. How could a boy do such a thing? Never again! One of the rallying, or at least often heard, cries was "Bryan, Bryan, sitting on a fence, trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents". Father and I lost. I heard him say many years later that that was the only time he ever voted for a Democratic president. I should have told the truth and made the girl happy with the gold watch. My conscience would not have bothered me so much, either.

I should mention another incident. I was refused permission to leave the room and promptly, and unceremoniously, wet my pants. I was then allowed to go home in that condition which made my mother very unhappy.

There were two negro families who had children in school. I had never been around negroes and I gave them a wide berth 'til I got used to them. One family was very respectable and accepted. They had 2 girls in school named Myrtle and Della Tipton. They were quite attractive and above average personalities and intelligence. Some of the older brothers received letters from them after we had moved away.

The other family was from the other side of the track. They had one very black, stout, little girl with a hateful disposition. Her name was

Elsie Roberts. "Elsie" became a byword in our family. When we wanted to call another a real bad name it was always "Elsie". That, as a fighting piece of language had no equal in creating resentment or causing fists to fly and noses to bleed.

The foregoing isn't a very appropriate prelude to the next memory. I attended my first Sunday School here which was none too soon I am sure. I think it was about one and a half miles from our home to a little country church. Of course we walked and were barefooted in summertime, wearing knee pants.

There was a funeral at the Tipton home one day and Clem and Della attended. They were driving a young horse hitched to a buggy. As the procession was on the way to the cemetery the horse became excited and ran away with them, passing everything. They got him stopped at the cemetery and waited for the balance of the procession. Embarrassed!

Once I went home from school with a boy to stay all nite. His father operated a large ranch where several hired hands worked. The men had what was called a bunk house where they slept. For some reason or another small boys were not allowed around these premises. One man was known as the chore boy whose duty it was to clean the stables put in feed and hay for the horses, see that the water tank was full, carry in the wood and water and etc.. It was quite an experience, staying over nite on so large a ranch. This boy later became quite a successful cattleman.

We had a croquet ground in our orchard and I imagine I played my first game of croquet here, in the shade of a large crabapple tree.

Another boy came to our home about this time. Really, it was April 25, 1896. At first I thot his name was to be Arlington Bryan but for some cause or another the "Bryan" was dropped and finally it was just Arlie Barb. A big husky boy that weighed 24 pounds at 3 months.

From here, we moved to a farm 9 miles northwest of Madison. Again, we were on the banks of the Verdigris River. There was a large apple orchard which we enjoyed a lot. One fall I accompanied my father as he took a load of apples to Emporia. Later, we took a load over the hills and peddled them in the Matfield Green vicinity.

We also made great quantities of cider when the crop was good. For some reason, we didn't have to spray our trees as they do today. One fall we had two barrels of vinegar from this cider which had been allowed to ferment.

We had an old bachelor neighbor who had a sorghum mill. We used to take cane to this mill and get barrels of sorghum which was delicious on hot biscuits or cornbread. Speaking of biscuits, I never ate a breakfast at home without biscuits. If mother was sick father took over and claimed he could make as good biscuits as mother, a point mother never contested. Mother made gallons and gallons of peach and apple butter. She also dried many flour sacksful of apples and peaches. We had a low roof over the kitchen which was an ideal place to dry fruit. The apples were peeled, cored and sliced, then put on drying crates made out of lath. The fruit was spread thinly on the drying crates and put in the sun during the daytime and taken in at night. A mosquito netting was used to keep flies and insects away. When they were thoroughly dry they were stored away, generally in flour sacks.

As I have stated before I had only one sister and it just so happened that it was my lot to take the place of another girl as best a boy could. I cared for babies, washed dishes, swept floors, and did the many things generally considered girl's work. I liked to comb mother's hair as she sat sewing or patching. You may imagine the amount of such work she had to do when you consider the fact that, besides the patching, she made almost all of our clothes. She could cut out a shirt and get a good fit without a pattern, a rare accomplishment. Practice I spec. I was combing her hair one day when

I really got in a mess. Her hair was average length and I had it all combed out with never a snarl in it. I began at the end away from her head and wound the hair around and around the comb til I had it all on the comb. When I undertook to unwind it I began to have trouble. It wouldn't cooperate at all and, oh me, what a mess. It was a relief when mother and I working together finally got it untangled. I had learned a lesson.

We had a croquet ground in the edge of the orchard where we little ones spent a lot of our time in nice weather. To get away from the house, I'd take a little one on my hip and, with the others in tow, hike for the croquet ground. There was a low hanging limb just the right height over the ground where we used to practice acrobatics. We kept it worn slick chinning ourselves and became quite proficient for kids. Mother generally knew where to find her little brood in good weather.

We always had an abundance of milk which most of us loved. To keep it sweet, it was kept in a cave under the smokehouse. We made all our butter from the cream skimmed from crocks into which the milk had been strained. Remember, no ice box, ice, refrigerator or any thing of that nature. Most folks used a "dasher" churn but we had a 5 gallon bent wood churn with a crank on the side connected to paddles inside the churn. The paddles would turn over three times everytime the crank went once around. That was really speeding things up. But, at that, it seemed our arms would break sometimes before the butter "came".

It was here I learned to swim. No one ever heard of swimming lessons. It was just get in there and swim --- or else. Sometimes a limb or a board was used as an aid. I don't know whether there was such a thing as a swimming suit or not. I know I had never seen one. I was going along the river one day alone and I heard giggles and screams like girls emit when in the water. Being raised in a family of boys I was curious to see what girls

looked like in swimming. I had heard many things about them, their different style of locomotion and such things. I found a spot where I could get pretty close to them yet remain concealed behind bushes. I finally got up enough courage to take a look. There they were, four or five of them having the time of their lives not knowing or even suspecting they were being watched. They would probably have scalped me had they known I was peeking. I didn't watch long when I found them wearing their old calico dresses they wore around home. They were barefooted tho, I believe. I made a sneaky and hasty retreat.

We boys had lots of fun hunting and fishing and altho we were not old enough to carry the guns we did very well bringing in the game with our two good dogs.

On one of our outings we ran into a flock of turkeys. They were a long ways from any house and about a mile from our home in a feed lot where our cattle were being fed at the time. With the aid of our dogs we caught a nice big gobbler. Dove, Elva and I carried him home thinking we were going to have a turkey feed. Imagine our disappointment when we were informed the turkey didn't belong to us and that we must take him back and turn him loose. He was a heavy bird for us to carry home but he gained in weight with every step of the way back, and the mile back must have been at least 10,560 feet long. Honesty is the best policy.

On another occasion we had wandered quite a ways from home by dinner time and were quite hungry. We came to an old pond where we found an old rusty skillet. We took pond water and sand and cleaned it as best we could and cooked a rabbit we had caught. It was just rabbit without salt or bread and pretty messy but we ate it and felt better.

Still another time we found a coon in a nest in a big elm tree about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home. Elva or Dove, I have forgotten who went to the house and

tried to get the folks to let us have a gun. They were afraid to allow us the use of the gun so our only alternative was to climb the tree and scare the coon out of his nest and trust the dogs to kill him. We did and the dogs did and we went home with a prize of which we were very proud.

Mother's sister Aunt Hannah and Uncle Jim Hamilton lived 5 miles south of Matfield Green. They and the folks used to exchange visits once or twice a year. The folks would hitch a team to a lumber wagon with a spring seat for father and mother and a pile of hay in the back for the kids. We usually had a spot along the way where we could stop for dinner and feed and water the horses. It took several hours to make the trip across the hills with that mode of transportation but we would stay two or three days to make up for it.

When they returned the visit it would also be by team and wagon with Uncle Jim sitting in the seat and Aunt Hannah sitting in the back end of the wagon box. We could never quite understand the arrangement.

We had a nice swimming hole near the house and we used to like to take the sweaty horses in for a swim after a hard day in the field. It was fun to ride a horse while swimming, sliding off behind once in awhile and holding onto its tail while it swam to shore.

Our men folks used walking cultivators, altho a few farmers had the up to date ones with seats. Our men sometimes had the idea they could do a better job of getting the weeds if they had a boy to drive the team. So they came up with the idea of putting a small board on the tongue of the cultivator big enough for a boy to sit on and let him do the driving. I was one of those boys and used to get pretty tired and sleepy on hot days.

Another job we boys didn't enjoy much was turning the grindstone while sickles or axes were being sharpened. A sand stone about 30" in diameter was

set in a steel frame. It had a crank on the side with which to turn the stone. A small can filled with water with a hole in it was suspended above the stone to keep the stone wet and prevent wear and enhance the cutting. A boy's arms would become quite tired before a long sickle was sharpened.

Another boy's job was riding the sled horse while the corn was being put in the shock. Most of the corn was cut either with corn knives or corn sleds. These sleds were made to go between the corn rows with knives extending out on either side to cut the stalks as it was pulled along by a horse. There was a seat in the center of the sled on which two men could sit back to back. they would gather the corn in their arms as it was clipped off. It was the boys job to see that the horse stopped even with the shocks and start him again as soon as the men had set their loads against the shocks and returned to the sled.

We got our mail at a little country Post Office near the school house $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away where it was handy to pick up the mail after school hours. A Postman out of Olpe would deliver the mail here for farm families in the area nearby. The Postman made his trips in a buggy with one or two horses when the roads were good. When it was too muddy for the buggy he would go horse-back. There were no gravel or hard surface roads and pulling a buggy thru the mud 30 or more miles was rough on horses.

We went to school the five years we lived there at Shaw Creek, one of the few country schools still operating in Lyon County. Some of the older boys would only go to school a few months each winter between corn shucking time and spring work. The teacher sent one "boy" home because he was past 21 years old and was causing her trouble in discipline.

A school program with a box supper was a highlite of the school year. One play we put on called for more girls than were available so it became my lot to take the girls part. I also brought a box and had the pleasure of

eating supper with a nice young man who was surprised when he learned it was my box. It was the style for girls to wear hoods so that helped with my disguise considerably. I was about the size of our teacher so most of my feminine attire belonged to her. My name in the play was Susan Cutter. It was December 13th the year I was 13 years old and a very cold night. I froze one of my ears on the road home that night. Girls can't take the cold like boys especially at age 13 on the 13th. No, I am not superstitious.

There were two grown students taking History which was not a required subject for my age group. I was very much interested in the subject and couldn't concentrate on anything else during their recitation period. The teacher summed up the situation and asked me if I'd like to take History with the others. I was happy and believe I did very well.

I did janitor work for one of the teachers. I got 10 cents per day for sweeping the floors and starting the fires. That, plus amounts received for furs, kept me in real spending money. I caught a mole and used the pelt for my first pocket book. My first full time job was riding a stack horse for a neighbor at 40 cents per day.

The teacher, whose dress Susan Cutter had worn, was blind in one eye and I am afraid some of the boys took advantage of her handicap.

We had an organ but seldom had anyone to play it. I had learned to play a March after some tutoring by my brother Will who had taken a few music lessons. I had also learned to chord for the boys as they played their violins and french harps. So I played the march for the pupils as they marched out at intermissions. I also would chord as the school sang their customary 2 or 3 songs when school took up.

It was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from our home to the school house. One 80 rod stretch had a hedge fence on the north side of the road. Many times the snow would drift

to the top of this 5 foot fence and remain firm for long periods of time. That became our sidewalk to and from school. It wasn't so good when the snow began to melt. We had no overshoes and often would have wet feet from the thawing snow. They were very hard to get on after they had been dried out over night. One pair of rough cowhide boots had to be slit lengthwise the instep before I could get them on. When the spur piece broke down it caused a lot of grief.

We had Sunday School and Church in our school house quite regularly. I'll never forget one of my Sunday School teachers. She had a brother about my age who was one of my best friends. They used to drive a horse to a cart about four miles each Sunday. She had fallen and broken her back when she was 8 or 10 years old and it left her with a bad back deformity. She had a lovely voice and a heart of gold. Lenora Smith has a place at God's right hand now but her memory brings a lump to my throat yet. I can hear her yet as she would reach the high notes of "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again". Other songs she loved and we often used were, "Wonderful Story Of Love", "There's Sunshine In My Soul", "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder", "Blessed Assurance", "Bringing In The Sheaves", and many more that seem to be old fashioned for today's worshippers. That was the day also of the old "Protracted" meetings when testimonials would be given, telling of God's goodness, and expressing thankfulness for all his blessings.

Years later Mabel Stewart taught her last term of school here. I persuaded her she should become a farmer's wife instead of a teacher. More later.

Ernest, the last of the tribe was born here April 7, 1899.

One fall father and mother took the four youngest and went to visit friends and relatives in north Missouri. I was the youngest one at home. The older brothers were working in the field during the day and Della always

had house work to do. After I got my part of the house work done I was pretty much alone. I got very lonely. I had wished many times I didn't have to care for the little ones and rock them to sleep at nap time. I soon forgot all of that and wished they were home. Chase, Della and Clem all married during our sojourn here.

We then moved four miles up the river to the Atyeo Ranch. There was lots of work here for a bunch of boys and their horse drawn machinery. There were also large pastures with other large pastures joining our pastures. It was quite a thrill to help with the roundups. The cattle would sometimes get across the fence where they didn't belong. So the cattlemen would agree on a day when the cattle in a certain pasture would be herded into a corner of the pasture so each man could look them over and see if he had any strays in that pasture. A man on a cutting horse would ride into the herd and pick out the strays while the helpers would hold the main bunch in the corner to keep them from scattering. When the cattle were all separated each man would take his own to the pastures from which they had strayed.

One fall a man came for his cattle at the end of the grazing season. He brot a boy about my age along to help with the cattle next day as he took them away. They had stopped along the way at a place where wine was being made and bought some. By the time they got to our house late in the evening the boy was in bad shape. When he got off of his horse his legs were too limber to sustain his weight and he crumbled down in a heap. They carried him into the barn and made him a bed on some loose hay and left him for the night. Next morning he was the most pitiful sight I'd ever seen. He had been very sick during the night and had vomited on the hay and on himself causing the hay to stick to his clothing in such a manner that you can hardly imagine what he looked like to say nothing of the odor. That incident caused me deep concern and quite easily might have been a contributing factor in causing me to be a teetotaler.

We had 60 acres of alfalfa and it had to be cut 4 or 5 times each year. I got my first experience at stacking hay on the alfalfa stacks. I was put on as a helper for an older brother.

One summer we thot we were going to get a crop of alfalfa seed. We cut the hay with a self-rake which threw the hay off in small bunches. Men with forks would pile these bunches up in nice little heaps for the haybucks to gather into the stacker. It was a long tedious job. When it was completed we had several long stacks of what we hoped would produce some nice seed. It was left until winter when we got a thresher to come in for the job. All were real disappointed when it was discovered that the seed being saved was not enough to pay for the job. Only part of it was threshed and the rest was fed to the cattle.

The muscles I developed while stacking hay and other farm work stood me in good stead in other areas. They used to put me against grown men when it came to wrestling. On one occasion one of these men came out second best with a broken shoulder.

That fall Uncle Ed and Aunt Liza Fitzpatrick came to our house. They drove in, all unexpected, with two teams and a colt, a covered wagon, a spring wagon and all their goods. Aunt Liza was father's sister. They had a daughter my age and two grown sons. They had driven up from Oklahoma where they had had financial reverses and the "chills" like they used to have so much. We never hear of such a thing today. They moved in with us and remained several months. Imagine what a monumental task it must have been to feed so large a group. I don't know where all the grub came from but I do remember of our butchering several large hogs and one fat cow. We had a long table that almost reached across the dining room but yet it would not accomodate so large a family. We had six bedrooms which did a very satisfactory service altho the girl cousin my age slept with her parents. We learned

later she had always slept with them and continued to do so until she married.

We boys did some hunting and fishing on this ranch also. One day a young greyhound came to our house. She was very poor but showed good breeding. We kept her and fed her good and in a little while she became a really beautiful dog. She was the speediest dog I had ever seen. She sure surprised a lot of rabbits that had been eluding those curs of ours.

One of our curs was $\frac{1}{4}$ blood hound and we thot it would be a good idea to cross her with this dog and get speed and scenting qualities also. We hunted some at night and needed a dog to trail 'coons and 'possums. In time we realized the fruits of the cross but were sorely disappointed. We got some good fast dogs but we could never break them from running rabbits, a thing a good coon dog must not do. They did prove to be very good fighters and killed some coyotes.

When Arlie was about 4 years old he was playing in the kitchen one day and thought it would be fun to jump off the oven door. After doing this a few times he thought it would be more fun to jump from the top of the stove. As there was no fire in the stove he proceeded to try out the new idea. He was a big husky chap and his weight was too much for such a venture. The result was a broken leg. He was put on a cot in the living room with a cast on his leg and a flatiron hanging over the foot of the cot to keep his leg straight. It was quite an ordeal for a lively four year old.

A few years later while we lived on the Atyeo Ranch he had another misfortune. We always kept the barn full of horses in the winter time and it was part of the chores to see that each manger was filled with hay for the night. One boy would fork the loose hay from the mow to the manger while another boy would tramp it in the manger. Arlie was tramping the hay one evening when he accidentally stepped over the edge of the manger falling in such a manner as to break his arm at the elbow. It was a cold raw night for

the doctor to drive 15 or 16 miles with team and buggy. By the time he arrived he had taken too many drinks of liquor and was in no shape for the delicate job of setting a broken arm. As a result Arlie was destined to go through life with a stiff arm. I imagine that doctor was lucky to get off without a damage suit and a heavy penalty. I doubt if he would be so lucky today with all the shyster lawyers looking for just such a chance to practice their professions.

Pa went through life without ever being involved in a lawsuit. His word was as good as his bond and he expected the men with whom he dealt to be equally honest. He rented farms many years and I have heard him say he never had a written contract with any man. He considered a man's word to be as good as his signature and I cannot remember of him ever being disappointed in his faith in his fellow men.

It seems we used to have more ice on the rivers than we do now. I recall our live stock crossing the river on the ice for a long time one winter. They had started crossing when the ice was covered with snow and they soon had a path which remained rough after the snow was settled down and crusted over. One night a nice grey mare got off the path onto the slick ice and fell and floundered over a large area, finally killing herself. We could see by her tracks where she had fallen many times trying to get back to the rough path.

Then, there was the time Dove, Elva and I started up the river one Sunday morning on the ice just to see how far we could go. We got about 3 miles from home as the crow flies, much farther around all the crooks and turns of the stream, when we ran across a lady school teacher and a girl about 13 or 14 years old. They were also enjoying the ice. We skated with them awhile and when it was time for us to start back or miss our dinner we invited them to go along.

We were a little late for the noon meal with the others but there always

seemed to be some left over for such occasions. So we had our snack and took ourselves to the living room for a little rest. This school teacher was rather hefty for such a long trek and dreaded the trip back up the river. They were very pleased when I volunteered to hitch up the team to the buggy and take them home. When we got to their home I suggested to the teacher that she go on into the house as I wanted to take the girl for a longer ride. We only went about a half mile on farther on a trail thru the pasture, there were no fenced roads, but when we got back I had taken my first girl for a buggy ride.

On one of our hunting expeditions Dove, Elva and I were out in the big pastures when a dense fog fell all around us. It was the most dense fog I have ever seen. We were away from any trees, fences or any kind of a land mark. I believe a dense fog can deceive a person more than darkness. We would go one way awhile and seeing nothing familiar we would go another direction. We were becoming increasingly confused and stopped to try to get our bearing. While standing there quietly we heard a rooster crow and recognized the voice of a neighbor's rooster. It was some distance away but that gave us a clue as to directions and we soon found familiar landmarks which guided us home. I wonder sometimes if when we become confused on the pathways of life, if maybe we should stop and listen to a "Voice" trying to help us get our bearing. I feel sure that "Voice" would guide us Home.

Clem had married a girl by the name of Rebecca Heacock who was the daughter of a typical yankee. Her father was a character in every sense of the word and had a byword of "Bedads". He always wore his shirt sleeves rolled up in the summer and "bedads" it was just like putting on a coat when he rolled them down in the fall.

On November 8, 1903 Clem's wife gave birth to a baby boy. She passed away November 13 and a dark cloud of gloom and sorrow fell on the entire

family. She was so lively and vivacious, full of fun, and loveable. She was strong for her size and loved to vie with anyone her size in acrobatics.

The funeral was at Olpe a distance of 15 miles. We went to the funeral in buggies and since there was not room for all, I went horseback. It was the first funeral I had ever attended. It was a long lonely ride for me. I recall how the telephone wires, new and tight, sang as the gentle cool breeze blew across them. Midway between the poles I couldn't hear the hum at all but as I neared the poles it became louder, fading away as I left the pole behind me. It was a mournful sound to a lonely, sorrowing boy.

Mother took the baby, Glen, and raised him as her own in a way none would have known he was not her own, except that he was raised on a bottle. Mother must have been close to the heart of God as I never heard her complain of her lot nor did I ever see her out of sorts because of the burden of having to care for another boy.

It was two miles to our school around the road but we generally cut across the pastures after grazing season which saved us several steps. It was while in school here that I took the county examination and got my eighth grade diploma. We had to drive to Emporia to take the examinations and again to get the diploma. Fifty miles round trip with team and buggy discouraged many from making the effort. I was the first one in our family to graduate from grade school. I had only studied physiology three months when I took the examination but succeeded in passing the test. (Not boasting, just stating facts.)

I have one school record that I am not so proud to relate but I must state the facts without favor or partiality. One day a girl that I liked very much had to go home at noon to work at something that afternoon. She stayed until the noon hour was almost gone. We thought it would be nice if I walked part way home with her. We were nearing the top of a small elevation

in the road when the bell rang. We thot it would be nice if I went just a little farther and bade her good-bye out of sight of the school house. I came back as quickly as I could. When I had taken my seat the teacher came to me and said I had acted very naughty, and that I would either have to take my books and go home or take a whipping. I knew I'd get a much harder whipping if I went home so I told her I'd take the whipping. She walked to her desk where she kept a switch and after hesitating briefly she came back to me and said she couldn't whip me. I thot a lot of her and felt sorry for her because I knew she didn't want to hurt me. After thinking it over she said I'd have to go home or apologize to the school. I told her I would apologize if she would tell me what I should say. So she did and I did and everyone was happy. You know Eve tempted Adam. That is the only time I ever had any trouble with my teachers. I only wish that I had been a better boy.

Father had purchased two quarter sections 8 miles west of Madison the year before I graduated and had rented them to Will and Clem for that year. The next spring we moved to the farm on the south branch of the Verdigris River about 4 miles east of the flint hills dividing the north and south branches.

The school house was on one corner of our farm about a stones throw from our house. I continued to attend school here part time. Here is a copy of my grades the last month I went to school here: Orthography 97, Reading 96, Writing 90, Arithmetic 96, Grammar 97, Geography 96, History 96, Civil Gov't. 96, and Kansas History 98.

When I was eighteen years of age, I thot I'd like to become a teacher. The folks agreed to help me if I would take some extra work at the State Normal at Emporia, Kansas. So, I enrolled at the end of the first semester. Teacher's exams were being given for teachers whose certificates expired or anyone who cared to take it. I thot it would be fun and an experience worth

while so I took advantage of the opportunity. I was surprised and pleased when I was presented a certificate. I was offered a school in Jefferson County but I felt like I needed the extra schooling so I decided to continue in school until the end of the semester.

I had never been away from home very much and became quite home sick for a while. I was a green country boy in a large school where every one was a stranger. There was only one person that I'd ever seen before. She lived in Emporia and her folks operated the boarding house where I took my meals. She was a close friend of Dave's wife and I had seen her at their home several times. I believe she was a senior that year but she did everything she could to help that country greenhorn. She was like a big sister to me and I don't know how I could ever have gotten along without her help those first few weeks. Cora Norman's kindness and thoughtfulness meant so much to me. She seemed to do it all because she loved to and not as a sense of duty.

When I first started to school at the Normal I stayed about 18 blocks away. My feet really became quite sore walking on the concrete walks. They had just started paving Commercial Street at that time.

It was about 5 blocks to the Friends Church so I attended services there. It was in this church where I decided the life I had been living was not complete and that I would try to be a Christian. The influence and encouragement of a former teacher who also attended this church had much to do with my decision. The example and advice of my mother had deeply impressed me and only needed a little more persuasion. When I had left home for school mother had given me a little Bible. In the back she had written, "When you are tempted to go wrong read this book". I am so sorry that I never told her how those few words influenced my life.

My sister lived 6 miles south of Emporia and I used to spend many of my week-ends with them. My brother-in-law usually had a job for me on Saturday

whereby I could earn \$1.00 and I was glad for the opportunity. I had helped him thru haying season the summer before and enjoyed working for him and being with their 2 boys and 3 girls. We hauled many wagon loads of hay to Emporia with teams. We would park our wagons along the side of the street and sit in the shade until a buyer came along. Most of the business men then kept driving horses or maybe a cow. They usually had a barn that would hold a load of hay. The price we got for the hay would be about enough to pay a man for half of a day's work now.

In June after the end of that semester I attended Teacher's Institute at Eureka, Kansas. I took another examination at the end of Institute and received another Certificate. It was here that I met Mabel Stewart who was also attending Institute.

The following fall I was fortunate enough to get a contract for a 7 month school term at what later became known as "Birkett". I had eleven pupils. One was a girl about my age who had failed to get her certificate at the close of Institute. Another was a boy nearly my height who had a bad record in school. He bragged that he had never gone to school a term yet during which he had not received a whipping. At the end of the noon hour I generally read a chapter or two from some good book that was a hit with my pupils. In the morning after school took up I would read a few verses from the Bible and then we would all repeat the Lord's Prayer. Then I'd read some from books that interested them. One morning as we were about half way thru the Lord's Prayer this character let out with a loud "Amen". I ignored it at the time and had the pupils get their books for study. When all was in order I walked to his seat and said, "Willie you thot you did someting smart, didn't you? It wasn't smart at all. It only showed your ignorance. If you ever do anything like that again you will get one whipping you will never brag about to anyone." From then on he was one of my best behaved pupils. At the end of that term he got his county diploma.

In mid-winter we had a deep, soft snow. It fell heavily all morning and by noon it was just right for boys to hunt rabbits without guns or dogs. So I took 3 or 4 of the older boys and went to a ravine about a quarter of a mile away where the boys thought we could find a lot of rabbits. Sure enough, they were there and the snow was so deep they fell easy prey to our sticks and clubs. We were late getting back to school with our load of meat but it was ok with the teacher. We made up for the lost time by working real hard that afternoon. No reaction from the patrons or the school board was ever registered as far as I know.

I had a date with the young lady pupil one evening. I was not dating anyone and they were having a party in the neighborhood and both of us were invited. She didn't have an escort, so I volunteered. The man with whom I boarded agreed to loan me his driving horse and a cart. As it happened it blew up a bad storm that night and that was it. It wasn't a good idea for a teacher to be dating a pupil anyway.

I boarded with a farm couple just eight miles from my home. Generally, someone would take me to school Monday morning and call for me after school Friday evening. There was a 640 acre pasture north of the school house which we generally cut across to shorten the distance home. One morning Arlie took me to school and a real heavy fog became heavier as he started back across the pasture. He lost his bearing and wandered around quite awhile before he found his way out, a mile from where he was supposed to be. This is just another illustration of how confusing a heavy fog can be. Even the horses became confused.

One Sunday evening we were having a real norther with strong wind and fine blowing snow. My school was almost due south so I decided I'd save someone a cold ride in the morning and walked to my boarding place that afternoon. I took what I needed for school and set out with the blizzard to my

back and made it in good time and without mishap.

I received \$40.00 per month and paid \$9.00 for board. I saved enough money to buy three heifer calves to go along with 2 other cows I had. So with these cattle and a team father had given to me I decided to turn back to farming. As I look back now I imagine my parents were disappointed but they never objected to my decision. I am not sure I did the right thing. I have been very happy with my life's work but the teaching profession would have given me a wonderful opportunity to help mold the mind and develop the character of so many young people that might have been denied the guidance so badly needed. I hope I have partly offset that, by the many years I have been privileged to serve as Sunday School Superintendent.

I recall the day and the spot that father pointed to a young team of horses among several he had raised and said, "they are yours".

I farmed at home the summers of 1909 and 1910. The summer of 1911 Dave and I farmed together on a farm southeast of Madison. We had very poor crops as that was one of the dry ones when you could hear again the maybe "Next Year".

The winter of 1911 I hired out to a rancher at \$25.00 per month and board. This man handled several hundred head of cattle and also fed out a carload of mules that winter. Dove, a married man with whom we boarded, and I were the regular hands. Dove and I did most of the cattle feeding. We each had a four horse team that we used on our heavy loads. Regardless of weather we had to get feed to those cattle. We also had to haul water to the mules which were kept in a small lot away from the creek. We had a wooden tank with a cover that we used for the purpose. It had a two inch pipe in the bottom at the back end to let the water out. It was a very cold winter and very disagreeable for such work. We often had to chop through two feet of ice on the creek where we dipped up the water in buckets to dump in the

tank 'til it was filled. By the time we got to the corral the pipe would be frozen solid so the water would not drain out. Then, we would build a fire and heat an iron bar to use in thawing the ice out of the drain pipe.

March 1, 1912, Mr. Prather moved all his equipment, household goods, and men to a farm he had purchased near Elmdale. He left me with four good horses and 250 head of cattle. I boarded with a family about 3 miles from home where the cattle were being kept at that time. The weather continued to be terrible 'til spring. Snow had been bad and drifted around the shocks and frozen 'til it was very difficult to dislodge them so they could be loaded. I would use one team with chain and doubletree with which to loosen the shocks and the other team to pull the wagon along 'til it was loaded. I would then have to put both teams on the wagon to pull it to the feed lot. Many times I would have wet hands and half way to my elbows for hours at a time, but I don't remember of having a bad cold all winter. Dove told me the snow was so deep and hard in places they drove the loose horses right over some of the fences when they took them across the hills to Elmdale.

When it was time to turn the cattle on pasture and I had all the feed used up, Mr. Prather sent two men on horseback to drive the cattle and I took my teams and wagon with some tools across the hills. It was a full days drive and we had tired horses and cattle when we arrived.

The next day or two we branded all his cattle. I got two ribs broken in the deal. I was handling the catching gate and through a little mis-timing got caught. I didn't work for a few days and found it painful to sneeze for some time.

This was a large ranch and required 8 or 10 hired men to operate it. We all used horses. Two-row listers had just came out. It took 6 head of horses for the job. Altogether we were using 35 or 40 horses every day. Dove and I had the job of bringing the horses from the pasture each morning, while

the other hands cleaned the barns, did the milking, and put in feed. Each man would then curry and harness his own teams. We had one hired man on this ranch that had an exceptional horse. He also kept a cow of his own as he was a married man. He pastured this cow and horse in the pasture with many others. In the evening just before milking time this horse would go to the herd of cattle and pick out his master's cow and take her home to their corral a quarter of a mile from where the other cows were corralled.

They had so much alfalfa that there was one period of three weeks that I did nothing but stack hay. I was silly to wear a Stetson hat on the job which may have hastened my receding hairline.

July the Fourth found us back on the farm with father where we put up tons and tons of prairie hay between then and fall.

The winter of 1913 Dove was married so the folks decided to rent us the farm and move to town. I was to board with Dove's. Before spring the folks decided they had enough of town life and wanted to get back on the farm. So they built another house for Dove and his wife and moved back. I then made my home with my parents instead of Dove's as had been previously planned.

We boys all liked to play baseball and were above average in the sport. Some of the older ones had married and rented farms in nearby vicinities so it was not difficult for us to get together. We played several games with just the Barb boys against our opponents. I can't remember of ever losing a game. My father used to say he could beat any of them if they would let him use all his boys, nine to play and one to umpire. I believe he was very proud of us. I can't imagine how I would have felt had I been blest with ten boys that liked to play baseball. I expect I'd have been walking on air. It may interest some of my readers to know the positions each of us played. Chase at first base; Dave at second; Clem at third; Will at short (he was the shortest one of the bunch); Elva in left field (he could run like a streak

and was hard to beat); Henry was also a good fielder in right field; Arlie, the youngest, did a good job in center field; Dove did credit to himself as a pitcher; and I was catcher. Ernest was pretty small to play but he did a good job as pig tail behind the catcher as we didn't have a backstop. We could only afford one or two balls at a time so we had to retrieve all fouls.

Five of the nine Barb boys also played on another team which was the best country team I have ever seen. We played against all the small town teams near. We were known as the "South Verdigris" team and had S V on our suits.

We had Sunday School and church services at our school house quite regularly. I was elected Sunday School Superintendent when I was 19 years old and served in that position and as President of the Epworth League off and on for several years. Sometimes we played ball Saturday afternoon and sometimes on Sunday but, altho I loved to play ball, my Sunday School and Church came first.

The ministers who served here usually came out of Madison or across the hills from Matfield Green. Since we were so close to the school house and the ministers had to use team and buggy for transportation we often had them at our house for meals and horse feed. Some of them liked to play croquet and father enjoyed playing with them.

One of these ministers used to take a little dog along with him. One day as father was helping him unhitch his horse, the minister noticed we had a cat that was near the barn. He told father that he better watch out for the cat as his dog was mean on cats. It happened this was a mother cat and she had kittens in the barn at that time. Father told him he better look out for his dog as the cat would take care of herself. He only laughed. When he started in the barn with his dog that mother cat flew into that dog with all four feet. As soon as the dog could get away he ran to the buggy and jumped

in, howling for dear life. Father got quite a kick out of that and reminded the minister of the incident occasionally.

The minister who preached mother's funeral was one of these part time preachers and referred to an incident that happened in our living room in his sermon.

The year 1913 was a record breaking dry year. Wells and springs that had been very dependable dried up. Pastures turned brown in early summer and crops quit growing and burned badly. Our main crop was corn. By late August or early September it was ready to cut. It was very short and light not having any ears whatever on it. It was hot and windy when we were trying to put it in the shock. We were cutting with one-man sleds and had difficulty in keeping the light fodder from blowing away while we were attempting to get it to the shock.

One afternoon Elva, Arlie, and I decided we would go in early, eat our suppers, and go back after dark when the wind had died down and cut corn at night. So by 8 o'clock that evening we were back in the field. The wind had gone down and it wasn't as hot. It was dark but Ernest carried a lantern for us 'til after mid-night when the moon came up. We went to the house at mid-night, fed our horses, ate a snack, and were soon back at work. We stayed 'til daylight which made a very long night of it. Elva and I each cut 46 rows 80 rods long and Arlie cut 44.

We three had another experience that almost had a tragic ending. We took a team and wagon with camping outfit, dogs and guns and went out on the head of the Verdigris for a little hunting expedition. After hunting all day we made camp in the timber near the stream. It was very cold but we had a canvas cover which we stretched across the top of the wagon box. That made it almost air-tight but it was still very cold. We slept in the wagon box on some hay. We thot it would make it much more comfortable if we left the

lantern burning. About mid-night we awoke and were almost asphyxiated. The lantern had burned up all the oxygen and had we not awakened just when we did this story would never have been written.

Since I have mentioned Elva in the two previous experiences, this one is brot to my mind: In the winter time we often kept as many as 20 head of horses in the barn. It wasn't easy to pump water for so many so we would take them to the creek to water. We usually rode one and led one or more. Elva generally took a matched pair of driving horses, leading one and riding the other. On the return trip, he would get them to running side by side and then get up and stand with one foot on one and one on the other, with them running at fullspeed. I am sure this was no small accomplishment for a country boy. He would most likely have been very successful in the circus world.

We often had five or six teams in the field at a time. I recall one fall we were plowing for wheat and had five walking plows all working together. Twelve feet at a round seemed pretty fast plowing.

One more incident that happened in 1913: A contractor with two men got the job of building several concrete bridges in our area. One was quite near our house. He needed some unskilled labor so several of us got jobs. It was pretty tough work. All concrete was mixed by hand in large boxes in which we had to stand in rubber boots while mixing. The rock that was used was all broken by hand. We learned what it was to be working on the rock pile, pounding rocks all day long with heavy steel sledges. This man wanted a place to board while working near our house. As the folks were on vacation at the time and as I was head of the house and a very good cook I agreed to board them. All went well for awhile. Then one morning when I had their breakfasts on the table the boss pulled out a liquor bottle and proceeded to pour his men and himself a drink. That made me very angry and I told him he could find another boarding place. He liked our work, I guess, for we kept our jobs.

Mabel Stewart taught our school "District 14" the school year of 1912 and 1913. As I have indicated previously it was only a stone's throw from our barn to the school house, I found excuses occasionally to happen by at recess or noon hours so I could have a tete-a-tete with the teacher. One day she was at the coal house getting coal in buckets as I stopped. I was on horseback and had my dogs along. One of the dogs unceremoniously left a wet place on her bucket of coal. I thot I had blowed my chances for a more intimate relationship for sure. I felt like killing myself a dog. I said to myself, "dog gone it". But before spring I began dating her and found that all was not lost after all.

The next year she taught at Shaw Creek, the place where I had played "Susan Cutter" when I was 13 years old.

This was her fifth year of teaching and some of them had not been easy. In one school she had 39 pupils and all eight grades to teach. I wonder what our teachers today would think if asked to do such a monumental task with so little pay. To make the task more difficult some of the pupils from German homes had to learn to speak English at school the first year. Her folks lived on a farm and I felt quite at home when calling on her. By the end of that school year, we had decided to walk down the Highway of Life side by side and exchanged vows April 7, 1914.

The night before the wedding date we had a hard cold rain. Her folks lived about 5 miles from our home and about 20 miles from Eureka where we were to be married. I got up bright and early and was soon on my way. The roads were real muddy but I had a good team with which to make the trip. When I arrived at her home she hadn't made any preparations for the big day. She said since the roads were so muddy she didn't think I would show up. It wasn't too long though before we were on our way. The wind was strong from the north and we had to let the buggy top down to make it easier on the

horses. The trip to and from Eureka was uneventual except for the embarrassing situation created when I had to take refuge behind a catalpa grove on the road to Eureka.

We stayed the first night with her folks. The second night was spent at my home. We were chivalried that night by a group of neighbors and friends. After our treats were enjoyed, the whole group proceeded to the home of some good friends of ours that were just married and did the honors to them.

The third night we stayed in our own house. This was the house father had built for Dove and was known as the "weaning place" as several of the boys had spent their first year of married life there.

Our married life got off to a very good start with a pretty good crop. We didn't have many cows or chickens that first year and had to charge part of our groceries. When we had disposed of some grain in the fall and went to pay our grocery bill, it was \$120.00. That was the last time we ever had a grocery bill.

In congratulating newly weds you often hear the jesting remark, "May all your troubles be little ones". It wasn't so with us. Our first trouble was a big one in the form of a 10 pound boy that came charging into our home January 29, 1915. There seemed to have been a drought in the vicinity from whence we expected to secure his nourishment so we had to resort to other sources. We used Horlicks Malted milk prepared as a formula for awhile. We were discouraged at the results. We had a nice, young healthy cow giving milk so we decided to try her milk for him. He responded to the change very well and in no time was a healthy, happy baby. He was always a strong, rugged fellow and to date has never had a serious ailment. In speaking of him once, father said, "He's a good cross".

On March 1st, 1915 we moved to a farm southeast of Madison (known as the

"Golden Place"). The next year we bought the farm from father where we had lived our first year and moved back to our old stomping grounds.

We only had \$1000.00 to pay down on a \$5600.00 purchase price and were very hard pressed at times to meet the interest payments. We kept several milk cows and lots of chickens which kept us in the necessities of life without going into debt. I recall we milked 8 cows one summer. Mabel could milk 4 of the easier ones as quickly as I could the others. She raised a lot of brown Leghorn chickens which paid well. We started out with a water cooler for our milk. One small can was placed inside a larger one and cold water was poured in to help keep the milk sweet. The cream was skimmed off after it had raised to the top. We shipped most of our cream, churning just a little, when the supply would be too small to fill the cans before it got too old.

We worked very hard those days. At first Mabel didn't have a washing machine, but later we got an imitation of one which was little better than the wash board. In the summer our days were from daybreak (or before) 'til dark. I kept my work horses in a pasture a quarter to a half mile from the house. I would often run all the way to the pasture to fetch them in. Sometimes I could catch one to ride from the pasture and save a few steps. I always made it a practice to have all my chores done by dark. I carried a lantern many hours at the beginning of the day but when night came I was through. I had one neighbor who would be in bed many times after I was in the field at work. That night after I had my work all done he would be stumbling around in the dark or maybe carrying a lantern. If I had more work than I thought I could do in a regular days work before dark I'd just get up a little earlier in the morning. No carrying a lantern on the tail end of a day for me or mine.

Sometimes Mabel would operate the corn binder while I did the shocking.

That was before many women wore mens clothing or slacks or shorts and I don't think Mabel would have worn them had it been the style. In fact I heard her say once that no girl of hers was going to wear slacks and certainly not shorts. Her daughter and daughters-in-law all wear the latest in slacks and shorts and she now accepts it without comment.

As I started to say, Mabel was operating the binder one day when she would have saved herself a lot of trouble had she had on some of the "verboden" gear. Her dress tail became entangled in the gears of the binder and we had quite a job of releasing her, to say nothing of ruining a dress. She did most of the shopping, shipping the oream, etc.. (I thot I was too busy to take time out of the field.) Sometimes it would be a month at a time that I wouldn't be off the farm.

One day when Lisle was quite small he and Mabel hitched Old Topsy to the buggy and took a neighbor lady with them to do their shopping in Madison. On the road home they met a man on a motor cycle. Many horses became panicky when they would meet a car or the likes making all the strange noise. Well, Old Topsy, while gentle in most ways, had that inherent fear of those pop, pop machines. So before they knew just what was going on she had dumped buggy, people, groceries and the whole caboodle in a ditch along side the road. No one was seriously hurt so they soon unscrambled themselves, set the buggy upright, reloaded the provisions and proceeded on their way.

We used wood for heating and cooking. We had over a mile of hedge around the farm. One fall, I cut and sold enough posts to pay the interest and taxes (crops were poor and I was glad we had the hedge). We used the limbs for fuel. We got most of our wood from either north or south branch of the Verdigris, a distance of from 2 to 4 miles. I would take my team and wagon to the timber and bring back a load each day. When I had a sizable amount I'd get a man with a buzz saw to come in and, with the help of neigh-

bors, soon have a nice supply of good fuel.

Our first car was a 1917 Ford touring car. It had been used pretty hard. I bought it from a brother-in-law who had to go to the Navy. It cost \$400.00 and would have been high at half that amount. I blistered my hands good cranking on it the first time I tried to start it. I finally found that I had to jack up one hind wheel and throw it in gear to get it started. I learned that I could save myself a lot of exertion by that process if it was not in the notion of co-operating.

One day I was working in the field about a quarter of a mile from the house. Lisle was a little fellow and he thot he would come to meet me as I came in to dinner. It was a hot day and there were some shade trees about half way. He got that far and lay down to rest 'til I came along. The road to the house didn't take me very close to his shade trees where he lay asleep. When I got home Mabel asked me about Lisle and I hadn't seen him. She didn't know that he had started to meet me so we didn't know where to look for him. We were becoming quite frantic when we found him fast asleep and ok.

We usually raised two or three mule colts each year. We would keep them 'til they were 3 years old and break them to work, use them one year and sell them. I had some narrow escapes and thrilling experiences over the years that I followed the practice. I was using one of these young teams helping thresh at a neighbors one day. At noon, mule like, one of mine didn't want to go into a strange barn. In trying to persuade him to go our way I got my right hand broken. I didn't do any more threshing for sometime. I could milk and do chores with my left hand after a fashion as I have always been far from ambidextrous.

We had several very dry years which caused some of the wells to dry up and the ponds likewise. Nearly everyone on the upland farms had to haul water for livestock and some had to haul for house use, also.

On December 6, 1918 we lost a baby boy at birth. He was a very pretty baby and weighed 7 pounds. I imagine under similar conditions he could have been saved today.

On December 16, 1920 we were more fortunate when we were allowed to keep the baby boy that came to bless our home. We named him Earl Clair. The "Clair" was for his mother whose middle name was "Claire". I neglected to tell you that Lisle's middle name was "Dean", for his father whose middle name was "Deane".

Claire was a long skinny baby but by using the advanced method of feeding and new formulas he soon developed into a nice looking offspring.

On August 21, 1922 we were blest again by another addition to our family, this time by a baby girl. She was plump and healthy looking with lots of real dark hair. We were threshing wheat at our house at the time. So we had our hands full caring for a new baby and accomodating a threshing crew at the same time. Today mother and baby would be in the hospital far away from it all. Mabel says she will always remember an aunt who was visiting my folks at the time and helped with preparing the noon meal for the men. She and the baby, Martha Nadine, were in a bed just off the kitchen on the north where it was very hot. Of course we had no fans or any way to cool off the atmosphere. So this good aunt found time to fan Mabel with a hand fan to help the situation as best she could.

Clair was fair and fine featured and Nadine was more rugged looking and darker. Before Clair quit wearing dresses strangers would often mistake him for a girl and Nadine for a boy.

At one time in my life I kept a diary for several years, registering the events as they happened. Some of them seemed rather insignificant at the time. Later the facts recorded there settled many disputes and served to

refresh our minds on many issues. I would love to have a diary to refer to now that my sluggish mind might be refreshed on so many issues that are so dimly registered.

The arrival of the baby girl was soon followed by better times for the family. There was some oil activity in our vicinity and we were lucky enough to sell royalty and lease for oil to the tune of enough money to pay off our mortgage and a little besides. We traded the old Ford for a Ford Sedan. We didn't have much of a barn so we decided to build a new one. Dave helped me wreck the old one and put in the foundation for a new one 32 feet square and 32 feet high. We had most of the lumber hauled and were waiting for the concrete to set in the foundation when I had an attack of appendicitis. I was in the hospital 18 days and then several days more at the home of my parents, who had moved to Emporia, before I was able to be home again. Two carpenters had been engaged to help Dave and Murl Farr, a nephew, who had come in to help Mabel and the kids.

When I got home the barn was almost completed. The elation over the completion of the barn and my return to good health was soon marred by sad news. I was at a public sale in the neighborhood on the 28th of December 1923 when I was called to the phone. Glen was waiting for me and told me father had suddenly passed away.

He had been as well as usual but felt a little tired that morning and lay down on the bed to rest. Suddenly he gave a sigh and was gone. He visited me one morning while I was in the hospital. He was sitting beside the bed when I awoke from a nap. I recall how young and fresh he appeared that cool clear November morning. I'll always remember the few days I spent with them while recuperating so I could go on to my home.

The oil activity in our vicinity created a lot of work for the farmers who needed a little extra to supplement the small returns for farming. I

used to tell people my occupation was farming but I worked in the oil field for a living. Dave, Ernest, Arlie, Clem, and I did much of our team work together, contracting pond work, rig and tool moving.

Once we went out on the head of Camp Creek to move a drilling rig to a location near our home. It took longer to load up than we had anticipated. When night overtook us we were still 7 or 8 miles from our destination. Our teams were tired and the roads were soft. The only road we really had was our trail made on the road out. We were far from civilization except for a bachelors residence where a young bachelor lived alone. We induced him to put us up for the night. He had shelter for our teams, which was fine. He only had one messy bed but some of the boys took turns trying it out. Our host and I sat up the entire night without a nap. He was delighted to have someone to talk to so he made the most of it. I have never seen anyone who could equal him. Next morning with fresh horses and our fill of bachelor rations we proceeded on our merry way. I was working a young mare that had only been hitched up once before but when we got back from that trip she was well broken and gentle.

This oil field work paid well but it was sometimes very disagreeable. I have come in at night with my clothes plaster with mud, slime, and oil. One time I worked with my team all day and had just fed and unharnessed them for the night when the farm boss came and wanted me to come back as they would need a team all night. So I ate my supper and took a snack and some horse feed with me and worked all night. The next morning I had just about settled down for a rest when the farm boss returned and asked me to come back to the lease as they needed me very badly. So I spent another day before I got some much needed rest. Such was life in the oil field. It paid good and was hard work at times. We did have easy days tho when we didn't hardly earn our money.

I had a matched pair of black mares I used of which I was very proud. I have gone many miles on long hauls without ever touching the lines. I could call them to me from the other side of the rig when I needed them. One time I was fixing fence and had left them at one end of the fence and had gone to the other end about 70 rods (nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ mile) distance. I didn't know whether they could hear me or not but I needed them so I called and was very proud when they came to me. Some men were so rough with their teams but I never touched this team with the end of the line as long as I used them.

Lisle was a very good hand with horses. He worked in the field with riding implements when he was no more than 8 or 10 years old. Sometimes, he would be along in the field while I worked in the oil field.

Our farm was thin upland and not very productive so we traded it for a good bottom land farm 2 miles south of Cedar Point, Kansas, and moved March 1, 1929. Lisle and another boy drove the 110 head of cattle while another man and I took two wagons and tools. We had engaged trucks to move the household goods, hogs, and chickens. We took out across the hills via Matfield Green staying there the first night. We put the cattle in the stock yards where they were fed and watered, took supper with a cousin, found lodging at a hotel and were ready to resume our journey early next morning.

Some of our calves became very tired before we got to our destination but we loaded them on the wagons and made it in good time.

The moving van had broken down and we found ourselves without any furniture or provisions. We found lodging with neighbors and in town that night. The next afternoon when we still didn't have any furniture we drove to Emporia to check up on the van and found the furniture stored and the van being repaired. After explaining our circumstances to the van driver he agreed to hire another van and bring our goods pronto. We stayed and helped them load up so we could be sure. It was 2 o'clock next morning when we

finally got everything in place and ready to occupy the beds.

The first summer we were at Cedar Point we had a record breaking flood. Hog and cattle prices dropped to a low known as the 1929 depression.

Word had gotten ahead of us that I had served on the school board and that I had been a Sunday School Superintendent. I guess they wanted to make me feel at home so they immediately honored me with like positions at Cedar Point. I held both of these jobs until we moved away March 1, 1934.

We had dry years following the flood and farm prices continued to drop. We sold hogs for \$2.80 per cwt. and corn for 18¢ per bushel. We also bought wheat for 30¢ per bushel for hog feed. One fall we sold top quality hereford calves weighing 575 lbs. for \$5.75 per cwt.

We put \$10,000.00 into this farm and at the end of 5 years turned it back to the man from whom we had purchased it for \$2,000.00 rather than have foreclosure enforced.

So you see the adventure was quite disappointing. I had always preached to my family, when things seemed gloomy, "to cheer up things are never as bad as they seem". This situation gave me a chance to practice what I had been preaching. So on the other side of the balance sheet I want to list some of the blessings. We had a nice, 8 room, modern house in which to live. We had the best farm land in Chase County. We had all the out buildings a farmer could desire, everlasting water, and a good pasture. Money can buy all the foregoing blessings.

We had the pleasure of seeing all our children unite with the church at Cedar Point. We had wonderful neighbors. In my experiences as Sunday School Superintendent and member of the Board of Education I met some of the finest people on earth. Recently we were invited to Cedar Point to open house for a former neighbor who was celebrating his 90th birthday. We met many people

whom we had not seen since we moved away. The genuine delight manifested by those good, old neighbors did our hearts good. These are values money cannot buy.

A few events while living here may be of interest.

We had a tornado one Saturday night that left our yard covered with broken limbs until you could hardly find a way through. It took the roof off a large tool shed and deposited it in a corn field 75 rows away. It turned our hen house around diagonal with the world and left it intact, a feat we could not have done to save our lives. Neighbors and friends from town came out to help clear up the mess.

We took several young horses to break for their use. Two of these had been tried and classed as "too mean" and turned back to pasture. Lisle was a very good hand with horses and we were glad to report at the end of the year that both of these horses were ready for anyone to work. The owner of one of these horses was so well pleased that he asked us to keep his horse another year. Lisle took one saddle horse also to break. We were feeding some hogs across the creek from the house where there was feed and shelter. One morning we went to feed them and the creek was up about 6 feet. I swam this young horse across without any difficulty as the crossing was such that I could go along with the current and still come out at a good landing spot. I had to find a different way to get back or ride 3 or 4 miles to a bridge. So I went up-stream a ways and persuaded my mount to jump off a bank into the swift current. By guiding him down stream so he wouldn't be fighting the current we made it back safely. I wouldn't do that again.

We were putting hay in the hay barn once and Nadine was driving the team that pulled the hay into the barn. They had the load about ready to dump when, for some reason, they began backing up. She unthinkingly grabbed the rope to stop them and her hand was pulled into a large pulley. I jumped off

the load and ran to her, thinking she had lost part of her hand. She received a bad rope burn which left a scar she carried a long time but no broken bones.

We had one exceptional minister at Cedar Point. He had been blind all his life. He had been a number one student and had received a scholarship which had enabled him to go through Seminary and get his D.D. Degree. He had only been at our church about 2 months when I met him and his family in the Union Station in Kansas City. I was strolling around waiting for my train when I met them. They were as surprised as I was. I said, "Of all people!" He immediately came back with "How are you Mr. Barb?" He was better at remembering voices than most people are at remembering faces. He had two typewriters, one on which he wrote Braille to his blind friends and the other for people who were blest with sight.

We were destined to undergo one more disappointment and great sorrow before we moved away. My mother passed away in January 1934 at my sister's home near Hamilton. After a stroke she hovered between life and death several days. I was with her alone one day when she made me understand she wanted me to read from her Bible. After I had read a few passages that I knew she loved she asked me to pray. With strained composure I bent low over her and talked to God in her behalf. That seemed to comfort her and she was soon asleep. She rallied from time to time for a few days before the end came. The text used by Brother Brown at her funeral was, "They shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them". How appropriate!

I guess the folks at Cedar Point were glad to see us move away as so many of them came to the farewell party in our honor. Some even came to help load our household goods so that we might get away sooner.

We moved to a farm which we had purchased 3 miles southeast of Hamilton March 1, 1934. Again I was honored by being elected Sunday School Superinten-

dent and as a member of the Board of Education, I held both positions 'til we moved away. I also served two terms as Clerk of the Township Board.

We had grieved at leaving our good friends at Cedar Point but we soon found there were also good friends to be found at Hamilton.

Birds build their nests, rear their young, and make their flights to other climes. No bird tries to build more nests than his neighbor. No fox ever fretted because he only had one hole in which to live. No squirrel ever died of anxiety when he found he only had nuts stored away for one winter instead of two. No dog ever lost sleep because of the fact that he didn't have enough bones buried to last him through his declining years.

I hope I have not put emphasis on the wrong values in life, but financial security seems to be one of the necessities of this modern age. After eleven years on the farm near Hamilton we had gained this security to a limited degree. Before we hardly knew it our children had all gone out to make their own homes and we were alone. Someone said, "No one has ever really lived if they have not had children". I agree fully. I will also say that no one who has never experienced the loneliness of a home when those children are all gone can possibly know just what it means. I only hope that when their children are all gone they will not look back with regret, as I have, that they did not appreciate their children more. Added to the loneliness was the extra burden placed on our shoulders because of the fact that now we had the whole job of farming to do. So after the doctor had advised me to take it easy we decided to have a sale and leave the farm.

A few days before the sale I was called to the telephone and received a call from Martha, Clair's wife, in Denver saying we had a bouncing grandson, our first. Clair was over seas and didn't see his son for over a year.

We moved to Madison where we will probably live 'til we get notice from the great Landlord that our lease has expired.

You may wonder about my size so this may be a good place to enlighten you. I am 5' 10-3/4" tall, weigh 180 lbs., wear size 38-31 pants, 16-34 shirt, size 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ D shoes. At this writing I have all my teeth but not much hair, and what is left is very grey. I love all kinds of sports but wish they had never started football. Too many receive injuries from which they never fully recover. Mabel finds me hard to move if there is a ball game on TV.

Whether you're short or whether you're tall,
Doesn't determine your size at all,
Your size is measured by the width of your grin,
And the depth and quality of the things within.

I quote from another biography, "Now I must close my life, not with a bare bodkin, but with a harmless goose quill; and however painful the suicide may be to me, it is a satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the suffering of my readers".

Some one else said: "Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only of making a good exit".

Sitting in our back yard recently a bobwhite lit in the paradise tree over our heads. Soon it gave its mating call so clear and strong as only a bobwhite can. After repeating it a few times I am sure it received an answer for it sailed swiftly and surely to the hillside back of the barn. I'd say it made a good exit.

May my exit be as swift and sure when I come to

THE END.



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